

Rope part 3

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Rope part 3

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Summary

Hannibal lies naked on silk sheets they are cool against his skin which feels warm with anticipation. There are large candles burning in glass cylinders all around the room causing shadows to be cast against the walls. He needs to take deep breaths because otherwise the anticipation may just overwhelm him. Will is standing at the foot of the bed he has his eyes closed and is also taking a moment. In his hands he holds the ropes. They are new ones the same deep black as before he can feel the soft weight of them in his hands.

Will opens his eyes and looks at Hannibal led on the bed he smiles as their eyes meet. "Are you ready my love?" Will's voice is low and soft so as not to disturb the air around them it is as if he is casting a spell.

Hannibal takes one last deep breath "yes."

"Good."

Notes

Final part to Shibari series!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal looks at the marks on his wrists, they are beginning to fade now but if he runs his fingers along them he can still feel the slight indentations.. The feeling of Will's touches on his arms and feet linger. Will still kisses him too, slow and languid, a delicious torture, kissing the marks, running his tongue along them causing Hannibal to ache with need. They lie naked together on Will's bed even though skin to skin contact almost feels like too much.

"What's next?" Hannibal whispers into Will's chest, breath ghosting against the skin.

Will draws circles with his fingertip on Hannibal's arm and gently responds "I have a plan for you," his voice is a soft caress. "I have an image of you."

"You do?" Hannibal's voice is a soft awe spun whisper.

"Yes." Will's voice soothes as he strokes Hannibal's hair.

"When do you want to...?" Hannibal can barely form the words he is so overcome with the idea that this is going to happen and happen soon.

"Soon, very soon." Will kisses the top of Hannibal's head. "I have ordered new ropes."

Hannibal smiles at that. "What will be my reward? More marks?"

"Yes, of course," Will responds gently. "You may ask for something else too."

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Hannibal takes one last deep breath "yes."

"Good."

Hannibal has pushed Will up against the shelves of books in the library and is kissing him breathless. They have a tendency to get lost in each other now, Will allows Hannibal to take things just that bit further after the last time. As they kiss Will traces the marks on Hannibal's

wrist making him shiver with lust. They part and Will gently lifts Hannibal's wrist up to his mouth and kisses the skin now warm and wanting beneath his lips. Hannibal moans at the contact which makes Will smile.

"They are starting to fade." Will says as he brings Hannibal's other wrist up to his lips and kisses it.

"I know. I miss them."

"You will have more soon."

They are both silent as Hannibal watches Will run his fingers over the marks his eyes filled with intensity as if he is committing them to memory. Will eventually breaks the spell "you know what you want?"

Hannibal's eyes close as Will gently bites the flesh of his wrist "yes."

"Tell me."

"I want...I want everything." Hannibal does he wants everything, he wants all of Will every inch, he is not sure how much longer he can wait. Every kiss, every touch is bliss and he cannot imagine the pleasure they could create together.

Will smiles gently "greedy."

Hannibal laughs "for you? Always."

Will starts with Hannibal's left foot. Carefully taking the ankle in his hands gently stroking the bone, his hands are warm and Hannibal hums at the touch. Gently and with infinite care Will loops the soft rope around Hannibal's ankle and ties a tight knot then ties the rest of the rope to the bed. He then repeats the action on Hannibal's right foot. Hannibal's legs are now tied to the bed slightly apart he should feel vulnerable but he doesn't, he only ever feels adored in Will's company. As usual Will has not told him what is going to happen, he trusts Will and knows whatever he has planned will be beautiful.

He watches as Will tests the bonds on his feet, satisfied, Will looks up and says in that wonderfully commanding voice "raise your arms above your head, cross your wrists."

Hannibal wordlessly complies and watches as Will walks to the top of the bed and loops the rope around Hannibal's wrists tying them in a knot and then securing him to the bed. Will takes a step back to admire Hannibal led prostrate on the bed and smiles. His skin looks luminous in the candlelight and it never fails to take Will's breath away. The feeling of Will's gaze on him makes Hannibal hum once more with delight. However he knows he needs to stay in the moment. This is going to be the most challenging scene yet but the rewards, oh god the reward... He cannot allow his mind to wander there. His cock is already beginning to fill despite himself.

Will reaches out a finger and trails the rope around Hannibal's left ankle "patience, my love, you can do this, stay with me."

Will's voice is a gentle pull that helps to keep Hannibal grounded. He appreciates the way Will knows exactly how he is feeling, he knows how to keep him in just the right state and not overwhelm him.

Hannibal knows this is going to take some time.

They are stood so close and Hannibal always feels as if they are the only people in the world when they are like this. Will still holds Hannibal's wrists in his hands he smiles, spins Hannibal around so they have switched positions and gently raises them above Hannibal's head so he is now pinned against the bookshelves. "Tell me." Will whispers brushing his lips against Hannibal's mouth.

"I want you to take me. I want to feel you." These words come out in a breathless rush and Hannibal can feel the warmth of Will through his clothes and it makes him feel as if he is burning.

"I will take my time. You are not to be rushed." Will whispers and Hannibal feels as if he would fall to his knees if Will wasn't holding his wrists so firmly. "I want to worship you before." Will kisses Hannibal chastely and soft. "I need you to ask me, I need to hear what you want."

The words are perched just under Hannibal's tongue they feel like a heavy weight in his mouth and all he wants to do is spill them. He imagines them tumbling out of his mouth and sinking into Will's skin, into his flesh, into his bones. The want he feels, the need and the longing, he feels it all as a physical burn from the inside. His eyes close and he leans his head back. Will is too close and Hannibal feels like he cannot breathe. Will senses this and knows how close Hannibal is to being overwhelmed, but he loves how easily he can produce this response, the power and trust between them is intoxicating. Will feels such honour to be allowed to witness this loss of control, he thinks about what Hannibal will look like breaking apart with pleasure and he moans. "You can tell me my love, breathe, look at me."

Hannibal opens his eyes, tears fall from them as he does. Will leans in and kisses each salty drop, he licks his lips at the taste. "I want to give you everything, I want to feel you, I want to feel you inside of me. I want to spill everything because of you." Hannibal's voice is a hot, broken whisper.

"Yes." Will moans gently, they kiss and Hannibal can feel all his need and longing being taken from him and swallowed with every swipe of Will's tongue against his, every bite of his lip, every breath shared between them.

Hannibal closes his eyes briefly before opening them and focusing on Will. Their eyes meet and Hannibal feels that focus once more. Will nods in approval before unbuttoning his shirt and removing it completely. Hannibal watches this with wonder, all the other times they have done this Will has remained clothed. Will is now wearing just a pair of loose fitting black trousers, he has no socks or shoes and his chest is pale and beautiful in this light.

Hannibal watches as Will places his discarded shirt on the chair by the bed where the rest of the lengths of rope are hanging on the back.

Will picks up the lengths and places them around his neck so they hang down his chest.

Slowly and with purpose he walks over to the bed. Pausing to make sure Hannibal is ready he then climbs on to the bed and straddles Hannibal. Will leans forward grasping Hannibal's tied wrists he squeezes them applying pressure to the knot, he then slowly undoes the knot and releases Hannibal's wrists guiding his arms so they now lie by his side. They keep eye contact as Will hovers just above Hannibal the lengths of rope brush against Hannibal's chest.

Will then removes the first length, he leans forward and drapes the centre of the rope around the back of Hannibal's neck. Deftly Will takes the two lengths of rope and ties a coin knot just between Hannibal's nipples. Hannibal watches deft fingers as they easily tie the knot as if Will has done this a thousand times. The fact that Will practices this before they do each scene makes Hannibal feel so loved.

Will's concentration helps to ground Hannibal as he watches Will pull either side of the knot so he has two loops of rope. Will then takes the left loop and pulls it in on itself to create another loop. "Lift your arm and place it through the hole." Will commands and Hannibal slowly and carefully complies placing his arm through the hole and then returning it to his side once more. Will then cinches the loop tight by pulling the right loop. He repeats the process with the right side. Will repeats this step several more times until there are six rows of rope holding Hannibal's arms tightly to his side. Once Will reaches Hannibal's hips he parts the rope so it lies either side of Hannibal's balls before pushing it underneath him.

Will removes himself from Hannibal and gets off the bed. He looks at his work Hannibal's skin glistening against the black silk sheets, ropes beginning already to leave a red mark.

Those beautiful legs stretched out prostrate and graceful. Will smiles. "Are you alright?"

It takes Hannibal a moment before those words travel from his ears to his brain. He cannot move he is immobilised completely. The ropes are tight and constricting against his chest when he breathes he pushes against the bonds. He is beginning to feel a numbing kind of pain and he imagines the marks he will have on his body with breathless anticipation. The part of the rope that is closest to his balls and cock rubs against sensitive skin every time he breathes. His cock is filling out and adding pressure to the bond. It feels like he is flying just above himself.

He looks at Will and nods as sweat begins to form on his forehead.

"Good." Will moves towards the bed once more this time he positions himself behind Hannibal with his legs either side and Hannibal's back leaning against his chest. The combined pleasure of being manhandled by Will and feeling of skin to skin contact of his back against Will's chest feels doubly erotic to Hannibal. Will gently strokes a hand down the ropes on Hannibal's chest calming and grounding him. Gently Will brings the ropes from the

front that lie against sensitive skin and bring them up the centre of Hannibal's back he hooks it under the rope at the back of Hannibal's neck.

"Beautiful." Will whispers into Hannibal's ear as Hannibal's head lolls back and he moans Will's name.

"I need to measure you. So I get exactly the right length." Will says this as they are stood in his dorm room, it's still early in the afternoon and the light is filtering in from the small window.

"Okay." Hannibal responds he thinks about asking for a kiss in return but the concentration in Will's eyes stops him.

"Stand still just there exactly as you are." Will commands. Hannibal is stood in the middle of the room waiting and watching. "Perfect." Will walks around him then assessing. There are a few moment of silence before Will comes to stand in front of Hannibal their eyes meet and they just take each other in for a moment. Will then very slowly so Hannibal can take in every movement begins to unbutton Hannibal's shirt. "Remove your shoes and socks." Will whispers and takes a step back to allow Hannibal to remove them. Once he has finished Will unbuttons the rest of Hannibal's shirt then gently pushes it off his shoulders so it flutters to the ground.

Hannibal thinks about saying something as to the expense of the shirt but gets the feeling Will enjoys being allowed to get away with such behaviour. Will takes a step back and walks around Hannibal taking all of him in. The feeling of Will's gaze on him is always intoxicating and Hannibal closes his eyes and takes a deep breath enjoying this stillness between them.

Eventually Will moves to the front of Hannibal and begins to undo his belt. As with everything Will does this incredibly slowly so Hannibal can feel every brush of fingers against his skin. Hannibal cannot help but gasp when Will pushes his trousers down to his ankles and he steps out of them, Will kicks them to the side and Hannibal smiles as he stands in his underwear. Will once again walks around him and takes it all in. The long legs, the dark chest chair, the tanned skin.

Will retrieves a small notebook and pencil as well as a tailors cloth measuring tape from his pocket and unravels it. The look of concentration is back as Will places the tape against Hannibal measuring lengths of him before noting it down on the small pad of paper. Hannibal finds he feels as if he is in a trance as Will examines and notes down every inch of him. He closes his eyes and revels in the small warm touches and the soft brush of the measuring tape.

It is only when Will kneels down in from of Hannibal placing the tape between his legs that Hannibal opens his eyes to stare down at Will knelt in front of him.

Will splits the two lengths of rope from nape of Hannibal's neck as he gently pushes Hannibal forward slightly so he can reach his back. He brings each strand down and tucks it into the first of the loops on Hannibal's arms. Gently and brushing the skin as he does so Will criss crosses the ropes at the centre of Hannibal's back and tucks them into each of the arm loops going the whole way down Hannibal's back. Once he reaches the last row he knots the strands firmly making sure all the ropes are tight.

Hannibal feels even more constricted now as the ropes around the back are tight and digging into his skin. He can feel the design and is excited about the marks it will leave. The knots on his arm dig in as he breathes, a dull ache has set in around his entire chest. "Are you alright?" Will whispers into his ear.

"Yes." Hannibal manages to respond his voice is broken as he feels his breathing restricted. The start of the that feeling of floating above himself is happening.

Will kisses a line across Hannibal's left shoulder, he can feel every press of soft lips and it makes him moan. "You are so beautiful."

Hannibal always feels as if this is a dream when they are like this, just the two of them in this bubble of control and release. Every move Will makes has been practiced and thought about. It is worship and devotion and Hannibal knows nothing will ever be better than this. The two of them here in this room, the press of the silk ropes and the feeling of Will strong behind him as he presses soft kisses to his warm skin.

"I would like to bind your leg as well." Will's voice sinks into Hannibal's skin like a burn.

Hannibal does not want Will to move yet he is enjoying the feeling of leaning back and pressing the ropes against his chest. "Can we stay like this just for little longer?" His voice is breathless and filled with effort. Hannibal can feel every word strain against the ropes.

Will smiles against Hannibal's shoulder "as you wish." Hannibal can hear it in his voice that he has a plan. "I am going to make you come though. Are you ready for that?"

Those words are like electricity to Hannibal, Will has never touched him, they have been close, achingly close. "Yes." Hannibal's voice is filled with heat as he lolls his head back onto Will's shoulder. Those words and this closeness is all Hannibal needs as his cock hardens the rub against the ropes even more sensitive with the swell.

Hannibal looks down at Will knelt there mouth inches away from his clothed cock and feels as if he might just fall to the ground himself. He watches with rapt attention as Will very softly kisses his thigh, it is the lightest touch, barely there a ghost of lips. Hannibal can feel it like fire though, his skin buzzes and suddenly the room feels even smaller and the world

retreats and it just them in this room together with Will gently brushing his lips against Hannibal's thigh.

The kisses continue and all Hannibal wants to do is run his hands through Will's hair grab at the strands and pull. His hands twitch as his side. Will looks up at him after placing a firm kiss on the hem of Hannibal's underwear. "Hands behind your back."

Hannibal smiles and moans before he complies clasping his hands behind his back. Once he is satisfied Will begins kissing Hannibal's other thigh. It is the purest form of torture and Hannibal is whimpering slightly now as his cock strains against his underwear, Will's mouth so close to where Hannibal wants it.

Will can feel the heat of Hannibal's arousal on his skin as well as see his swelling cock. It is still almost unfathomable to Will that he has this effect on Hannibal. He stops kissing him and looks up at Hannibal their eyes meet and Will smiles as he realises with complete clarity what this connection they have is. He knows in that moment that he will give Hannibal everything and he has to make it last he wants to break Hannibal apart with pleasure make every atom of him fill with ecstasy.

With Hannibal leant against him Will brings his hand around to Hannibal's quickly filling cock. First he pulls back the foreskin and Hannibal gasps at the contact. To finally have Will's wonderful hand around him causes a long whimper to leave his lips. Will runs a thumb over the top of Hannibal's cock smearing pre-cum the touch is firm and it makes Hannibal jerk his hips as much as he can. He cannot move and his breathing is even more laboured as Will begins to smear pre-cum down the shaft of Hannibal's cock before he starts to move his hand up and down. The feeling of Will's slender fingers and slightly calloused hands around him is impossibly arousing. Hannibal is so turned on and leaking so much that the lack of lube is not a problem for long.

Will places his other arm across Hannibal's chest steadying his jerking body and pressing the ropes and knots hard. Hannibal's breathing is laboured but Will knows he is alright he knows Hannibal's body so well now and his responses are like a language to Will that he is fluent in. The arm across Hannibal's chest grounds him slightly allowing him to stave off his orgasm for a few more moments. It is only when Will squeezes him closer and whispers in his ear "come for me. I long to see you come" that Hannibal finally comes shouting Will's name in a broken breathless moan.

"You are so beautiful." Will's voice is filled with awe and it makes Hannibal moan again especially as he can feel how aroused Will is against him. Hannibal also realises in that moment that Will is not wearing any underwear underneath those trousers and whimpers again as that hardness is pressed against the curve of his ass. Will takes a moment to breathe in the scent of Hannibal's orgasm and feel the heat of it on his skin. He will not allow himself release until he is inside Hannibal and they have a long way to go before that happens. Will breathes and relaxes himself until his arousal has lessened.

Before he can stop himself Will brings his soiled hand up to his lips and licks some of the cum from his fingers. He moans at finally tasting Hannibal. "Let me clean you up and then I

will bind your leg.” Hannibal can only whimper as Will gently gets up from behind him and then lies Hannibal back down on the bed making sure his head is supported by a pillow.

Hannibal went home that night his skin still buzzing, the feeling of Will’s lips on his thighs still whispering against his skin. Every time he closed his eyes he could see Will knelt in front of him looking up with those beautiful eyes. He lies on the bed brushing his fingers along his thighs imagining Will’s lips and gentle kisses. He knows he will not sleep tonight and he is not sure how long he can go on like this. His mind is constantly swimming with thoughts of Will he is permanently distracted.

Will is the same, every time he closes his eyes he can see strong legs and that wonderful chest, soft hair and beautiful nipples. That cock so large and responsive he longs to feel the weight of it in his hands and in his mouth he wants to know what Hannibal will taste like. He touches his lips with his fingers imagining they are the soft, hot skin of Hannibal’s thighs. He knows he cannot go for much longer without more. He reaches for the phone and dials Hannibal’s number knowing he will be awake.

“Will.” Hannibal’s voice wraps itself around Will like velvet. The room is dark but he closes his eyes anyway imagining those beautifully shaped lips speaking his name.

“I had to call you.” Will’s voice is a furtive whisper and Hannibal cannot remember it sounding like this before.

“I can’t sleep.” Hannibal closes his eyes and imagines Will’s lips the curve of his mouth, the feeling of his tongue against his skin.

Will smiles because he knows the reason is the same reason he can’t sleep. “I know. I can’t either.”

“I want you.” Hannibal says before he can stop himself.

“Tell me.” Will’s voice is a command as his own hand wonders down between his legs and slips under his boxers.

Hannibal smiles pushing his underwear down to release his cock. “You undo me, every kiss, every touch undoes me.”

The sound of Hannibal’s voice broken with arousal makes Will moan “I want you, I want to feel you come.” At the sound of Will’s words Hannibal strokes himself slowly with one hand as he brushes his fingers against his thighs. “I can still feel your skin under my lips.” Will presses his fingers against his lips he can still the warmth of Hannibal on his fingertips. His other hand strokes himself slowly as he imagines Hannibal’s legs. “I want to know what you taste like.”

Those words make Hannibal’s entire body hum, he arches his back and his hips jerk, legs straighten and toes point, his voice a broken whisper. “I want you to taste me. Tell me it will be soon, please, please tell me.” Hannibal pleads he is in a haze now as he begs. Words

tumble from his lips as he spills himself over his hand his orgasm feels like it goes on forever as he grips onto his thigh leaving a mark.

“It will be soon, two days, you will beg for me, you will never stop begging for me.” Will’s voice is breathless now as the sound of Hannibal coming and pleading for him causes his own orgasm and he spills hot and wet in his underwear over his hand his fingers still touching his lips he whispers “two days.”

Hannibal dozes as Will cleans him with a warm cloth drying him with a soft towel. When he is done Will places his hand on Hannibal’s left foot and presses down on the knot. “Are you ready?” Will’s voice once again grounds Hannibal and he opens his eyes and nodding. He watches as Will unties both feet, he drapes both ropes over his neck so they hang down his chest. Will then sits on the side of the bed and brushes his finger along the inside of Hannibal’s thigh remembering only a few days ago when he kissed a trail down both thighs.

“Can you bend this leg?” Will asks and Hannibal nods and bends his left leg. Will applies pressure and pushes Hannibal’s knee down towards the mattress so his thigh is opened out. He wraps the length of rope around Hannibal’s ankle tying a bowline knot. Will holds the excess taught and begins to wrap it around Hannibal’s bent leg several times. Each wrap is evenly spaced and tight, Hannibal can feel the pressure on his thigh and leg as the rope is made tighter with every wrap. When he gets to the knee Will brings the rope under the last wrap of the top leg knotting it in the fold of the leg. Will repeats this down the leg creating perfect knots and tension.

Eventually Will reaches Hannibal’s ankle once again, he gently pushes the knee up so he can repeat the knots on the other side. He loops the rope around and knots it at every wrap. Hannibal can feel the pull on his muscles as Will does this. When Hannibal reaches the knee he brings the rope under the wraps once more, pushing Hannibal’s bent and tied leg to the mattress he ties off the rope to the band across his hips so Hannibal cannot move his leg up.

Once he is done Will gets up from the bed and looks down at Hannibal who is led flat on his back with one leg bent at an angle beautifully restrained. He wraps the last rope around the ankle of the unbound straight leg and ties it once again to the bed so that Hannibal is completely immobilised. All the knots and wraps are the perfect distance apart and the same size. Will smiles at the final effect. The way Hannibal’s breathing is constricted with each breath, his flesh straining between the bonds is nothing short of beautiful. Will can see the red marks already forming from the ropes on his chest. There is a sheen of sweat to his already luminous skin which makes it look as if he is glistening. The shape his body makes, the lines of it are breathtaking and Will knows he will never forget this sight. “You are stunning.”

Hannibal opens his eyes at the words and moans Will’s name at the look on his face. No one has ever looked at him with such adoration and he can feel his cock getting hard again with the combination of endorphins and arousal coursing through his body. “Are you alright?” Will asks his voice is strong again but still with that wonderful awe that makes Hannibal feel like he is floating even higher.

“Yes.” Hannibal manages as he can feel the resistance of the bonds with every breath, his flesh bulging through the gaps, the scrape of the rope against sensitive skin.

Will smiles “remember you can use the safe word if you need. You are doing so well for me.”

Hannibal hums at the praise but doesn’t use the safe word he knows he won’t, everything feels to good right now. The pressure of the bonds, the knowledge that he is going to have red marks all over his body he will feel this for days and he knows Will is not finished with his pleasure yet. Will is giving Hannibal a moment to feel this before he continues and Hannibal is glad of it. He will return to this moment again and again in his memory Hannibal knows. He can feel the shared knowledge of it, the shared experience of this bubble of Will’s design.

“Are you ready?” Will’s voice is once again a pull to Hannibal and grounds him in the moment he can feel the softness of the silk sheets against his flesh and the ropes as they dig into his skin. He is present and aware of everything.

“Yes.”

Will goes to the chair where he had placed the ropes earlier and picks up what looks like a blade in a black leather sheath. His movements are exact as he walks over to the bed, the mattress tilts under his weight as he straddles Hannibal his clothed thighs pressing the ropes into Hannibal’s flesh who moans slightly at the pain. Will waits a few moments until Hannibal is used to the position before placing the sheathed knife on a pillow at the top of the bed he bends down and kisses Hannibal chastly on the lips bracing himself with his hands either side of Hannibal’s head close to his shoulders.

The feeling of Will’s lips against his is so soft it makes Hannibal feel like he is breaking apart he has never been so present in a moment before. There is nothing but them, there is the weight of Will pressing the knots into his flesh and the feeling of those soft lips against his. Will then begins to kiss Hannibal’s neck down the columns of flesh he places small biting kisses leaving a trail of heat as he goes. He makes his way across his shoulders down the curve kissing each knot. Hannibal can feel nothing but these gentle chaste kisses and the pressure of the rope.

He takes his time and it does feel like an eternity but Will kisses and presses firm fingers to each and every knot and every exposed part of skin. Moving with purpose and concentration that feels like a wave above Hannibal as those lips, those fingers make their way down Hannibal’s body. He feels worshipped, he feels adored, he feels utterly aroused. There is not a part of Hannibal that Will does not kiss or brush his fingers against. By the time Will reaches the final toe on the final foot Hannibal is so aroused he is straining against the bonds and he feels as if he could come again just from this worship.

Will strokes a hand gently down Hannibal’s thigh on the leg that is straight “breathe my love, I will release you soon.” His voice breaks the spell between them and Hannibal cannot help but let out a long moan of arousal and frustration which makes Will smile. Will places a chaste kiss to Hannibal’s thigh before he once again straddles him. He leans forward and kisses Hannibal’s lips and runs a hand through his sweat soaked hair before taking the knife

from the pillow he holds it so Hannibal can see it. "Are you with me my love?" Will asks and waits for Hannibal to come back to him and focus his mind.

"Yes."

Will smiles once more and then slowly unsheathes the knife throwing the cover to the ground. Light glints from the blade which looks sharp "do you trust me?"

Hannibal sees the sharpness of the blade and he imagines the feeling of the cold steel against his overheated skin, he imagines the sound the blade will make when it cuts the ropes. He anticipates the release of pressure as each of the bonds is cut. The realisation that Will plans to cut every rope including the ones over the sensitive skin by his balls makes his eyes widen. "Yes." Hannibal gives the only response he could ever give. "Yes."

Will begins with Hannibal's shoulders he places the blade which is cool but not cold under the rope and gently but quickly uses it to break the bond. Hannibal gasps with the first release before he can truly feel it Will moves on to the next one, on and on he cuts every bond he has made. The blade feels so close to his skin he can feel it every single time but he knows that Will would never break the skin. Once he has released Hannibal's bent leg he places the knife briefly but firmly and cuts the bonds by Hannibal's cock. Will reaches behind him and cuts the bond that ties Hannibal's ankle to the bed. The ropes at the back of Hannibal have been loosened and released by cutting all the rest so he is free and he takes a deep breath.

Just as Hannibal registers his freedom the blade is being pressed against the red marks on his skin, dragged softly across his chest. He whispers Will's name and Will bends down and kisses him this time there is tongue and biting. "Allow me to take you." Will asks as he places the knife on the ground with a clatter.

Hannibal can barely contain himself at hearing those words tumble from Will's lips. His whole body is on fire, every mark is burning, his skin feels branded and his cock is straining and dripping he is so hard. "Yes, please Will, please."

Will gently gets off the bed and removes his black trousers as Hannibal watches. He then retrieves the lube and gets back on the bed positioning himself behind Hannibal removing the last of the ropes. Hannibal leans back against Will's chest, Will kisses the curve of Hannibal's shoulder and runs a soothing hand through his hair. Hannibal can feel Will's arousal against his lower back hard and wanting for him. "Can you move your arms?"

He tries and finds he can so he brings his arm up to Will's neck and pulls him down to kiss him. Will strokes the inside of Hannibal's arm with his finger. "I want to watch you open yourself up for me." Will whispers this and Hannibal's eyes briefly close before he nods. Will hands him the lube and he pours some on his fingers. As Hannibal's hand goes to between his legs pushing one finger inside himself, Will grasps Hannibal's cock in one hand and gently strokes it. Hannibal is so close to over stimulation and it takes all his control to keep stretching himself open as Will whispers in his ear how beautiful he is like this.

The feeling of finally being allowed to be this close to Will is worth all the patience he has shown over the last few months. Every touch, every kiss, every soft brush of tongues and fingers, every time he masturbated over what this would be like, has all led up to this wonderful moment. Will's hands strong and callused over his sensitive skin as Will's hand strokes the marks still hot and red on Hannibal's chest from the rope. Hannibal can feel Will's chest heaving against his back, the feeling of his cock large and hard behind him as he prepares to feel it inside. Sensing that Hannibal is close Will removes his hand from his cock, the one on his chest remains idly pinching a nipple. "Are you ready for me?"

Hannibal lets out a low moan "yes, god yes."

"I want you to lower yourself onto me." Will commands and Hannibal somehow manages with Will's help, even though every molecule of his body is aching with arousal, to straddle him with bent knees. Hannibal slowly lowers himself onto Will's cock. Every inch that he takes Will inside makes Hannibal feel as if he going to come there and then. Will gently strokes a hand down Hannibal's chest and soothes him. "You feel so tight, Hannibal, you feel so good."

Eventually Will bottoms out and they both take a moment to feel it. Will gently strokes Hannibal's cock as they both finally connect. "Move." Will whispers and Hannibal manages to move up and down he is slow at first as the sensation for both of them is almost overwhelming. Hannibal knows he will come soon. "Come if you need to." Will bites Hannibal's shoulder as he says this and Hannibal comes with a long shout of Will's name. Will moves his hands now covered in Hannibal's warm cum to Hannibal's hips as he leans back so overstimulated his eyes have rolled back in his head. Will then guides Hannibal's hips up and down making sure that his cock hits Hannibal's prostate every time. Hannibal cannot form words as the the waves of intense pleasure continue to assault him.

Hannibal can feel his prostate being stimulated and he can feel a secondary wave of orgasm wrack his body, his cock twitches painfully as more cum is forced out. He feels as if he going to lose consciousness but he also know he wants to feel Will come before he does. "Please, oh god please" his voice is a broken begging whisper as Will continues to pick up the pace and just before Hannibal completely falls into a pleasurable oblivion Will comes hard and fast. He screams Hannibal's name in a loss of control he has never shown before. Hannibal whimpers before finally succumbing to unconsciousness.

When Hannibal wakes he is covered in a warm duvet with Will cradling his body against his own running his hands along the red marks from the ropes. Hannibal takes a moment to feel the lingering pain in his body, in his ass and on his skin. He still feels overstimulated especially with Will this close and naked the warmth of his body melding with his own. Will kisses the top of his head "take your time coming back to me." Hannibal realises he has been bathed as he feels clean, he must have been out for a long time. Sensing this Will confirms what happened in a soft gentle tone. "I bathed you and myself, you lost consciousness, you were beautiful. I have been keeping watch over you while you rested."

Hannibal cannot yet find words so just moves closer to Will and closes his eyes once again and dozes while Will strokes his skin. “So beautiful.” Will repeats the words over and again like a lullaby until Hannibal falls, once again, into a peaceful sleep finally in Will’s arms.

End Notes

comments and kudos are so adored xxxx

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